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WITHIN THE MAZE; OR LADY AND INDIAN'S TRAIL. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. etc. etc.

By Miss A. L. Murray, author of "One Woman's Experience," etc. etc. etc.

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Select Poetry.

NATURE'S DUALITY.

Woe and life, lives not alone - But by a process will Some kind heart beats to his own And fills that void but one can fill.

The spirit of the wood Flings not alone, nor sings in vain; But in the cheerful solitude Awakes a sweet companion strain.

And even in the starry tree That has the storm of time defied, There is a chord of sympathy Awakened by its forest bride.

The streamlets to the river flow, And rivers onward to the sea; The dashing waves cap too and fro, And kindred spirits are one.

And thus by Nature's law designed, Whatever is, is not alone; Like those who live, mind leads with mind, And kindred spirits are one.

We could not live, and live alone, It matters not what we might will, That heart congenial to our own Must fill the void but one can fill.

The Settler's Tale. "You don't believe it, then?" said the old settler, stroking his beard and spreading the long, crisp curls over his forehead, where they lay like a tangle of cocoons put to rest.

"No, now, and then, the powdery curls, as that had fallen as he smoked, as though he petted his manly adornment, or aimed strongly at wearing a patriarchal guise.

"Travelers see strange things," said a thin man sitting opposite him, and he indulged in a low sneering snigger.

"What is it?" I asked, for I had at that moment entered the room.

"Why," sniggered the thin man, "he wants to make me believe -"

"No, no," chorused several voices. "Let him tell it himself; second-hand stories are poor. Tell it out for the company, sir."

But the owner of the beard looked very dignified, and kept on smoking, till he sat like a Jupiter among the clouds.

"It's all true enough said on old Australia's captain who sat near the thin man, and had evidently heard what had previously been said. "I've often seen them take flying leaps that looked tremendous, and such as I should have doubted if I had not seen; while as to the old friend here has just told about kangaroos carrying their young in a pouch, and also about their being able to destroy a dog with a kick, why, they are facts that almost any schoolboy will endorse. I mean no insult to our skeptical friend, but I'm afraid that he studies politics more than natural history."

"I wasn't talking about wallabies, gentlemen," said the old settler, "which are only a small kind of kangaroo, but but what we call up the country, 'old men' - the great kangaroos that the settlers hunt. You may believe what I'm going to tell you, gentlemen, or you may be rude enough to doubt it if you like - I shan't complain; but it is as true as my name's James Smith, a Yorkshireman born, and that I failed at sheep farming, but made ten thousand dollars at the diggings, and that's what no man in five hundred would there be managed to bring away, as his share of the spoils."

The thin man winked again, but the thoughts of ten thousand golden dollars seemed to add so much weight to the respectability and veracity of the bearded man, that he had felt disposed to enter into the borders not limited to veracity; he would now have found plenty of believers for anything he might choose to say.

"We were having a kangaroo hunt," continued he, "some years ago now, up at a place where I was. Kangaroos were not so scarce then as they're grown since, and perhaps, if our friend here were to go over on purpose to have one, he might travel some hundreds of miles before he could enjoy that pleasure."

"Being a bit of a sportsman in a mild way, as I had dropped in at quarters where the squatter was also fond of a bit of the field work, I got staying on day after day; for I happened to have nothing to do, having been driven out of my holding by a drought that had starved three parts of my beasts and sheep, and a flood that had drowned the rest. So that I was on the wander, looking out for some fresh spot on which to locate myself, and naturally feeling low spirited; for, after wandering seven or eight years to get together a decent bit of stock, it seemed rather hard for the climate to turn dead against you, and to make you a ruined man."

"I'd fallen into good quarters, my host being from my own country, and having had many a good gallop with the same pack of hounds. So we talked over old times and fished a bit, and shot a little, and I helped him to take stock; and we compared notes about management, he being able to give me plenty of good hints, and I perhaps gave him two or three respectable little wrinkles."

"The day before I left him we went over for a kangaroo hunt; for over night one of his men had come to report tracks that he had seen near a water hole some few miles away."

"Perhaps my friend here will think that I am throwing the hatchet, when I say that this was all on my host's piece, for sheep farmers there think no more of miles than they do of acres of land, and I have known gentlemen out there

whose holdings were such that you might ride twenty miles without getting to their last blasted tree.

"The country about there was so woody and rocky that my host said we had better go on foot; so we did, taking along with us a black fellow, and one of his men - an old convict - who held the two dogs in a lash, till we came to the spot - what they call out there a creek - a long water hole that deepened on the wet season to supply it afresh after the long dry Australian summer."

"Well, we soon got into the hunting country, and were not long before we put up a kangaroo, when I felt almost ashamed to hunt, for the poor beast stood upon its hind legs and tail for a few moments, turning its doe-like face, as much as to say, 'How can you be such brutes' but it turned directly, gave a bound that startled me, and was off, flying over rock and bush in a most surprising manner. Then the dogs were slipped, and away we were scrambling among bushes and rocks, tripped up now and then, but making a rush over every bit of open ground, to try and keep the dogs in sight; but as to my host and self, we were separated directly."

"I was not much used to this sort of thing; but I soon warmed up to the chase, and now getting a peep at the dogs, and now being the shouting and barking, I managed to get up in pretty good time to where the black fellow was dancing about with delight, and the convict was coupling up the dogs, as they lay panting and holding out their great red tongues, beside the female kangaroo they had killed."

"Long as I had been in the country, it had never fallen to my lot before to be in the death of a kangaroo; and once more I could not help pitying the soft, innocent, tame and simple. But there! it does not do for men who hunt to be so sentimental, and besides they may make a mistake in the character of their game; for I've never seen the animal yet that was not, when driven to bay, a perfect savage, either from fear or natural courage."

"Where's the governor, sir?" said the man as I came up.

"I have not seen him since I tripped over a creeper and came down crash - bruised myself awfully. He did not stop when I went down. I thought he would be on here."

"Help! help!" cried a faint cry from the distance.

"Dat a grubber!" exclaimed the black fellow, grinning, as if it was the most humorous thing he had ever heard.

"Yes, that's him," said the convict changing color. "He's among the blacks, and we've no guns."

"In a moment there floated before me visions of savages in their war paint, their black bodies streaked with white to resemble skeletons, while boomerangs and spears seemed to come whistling through the air. But it was all imagination; for there was no sound to be heard, but once more the cry for help, when the dogs leaped up and howled."

"No black fellow 'bout here!" said the gentleman in our company; when following his example, we set off at run in the direction of the cries, the black far well in view till he disappeared behind some rocks, but only to turn back directly and come running toward us shouting, 'Ole man got him - ole man got him.'"

"We pressed on, panting heavily, and in a few minutes were in full view of the stranger sight I ever saw in my life - one which seemed to quite paralyze the man with the dogs, for he stopped short, holding tightly by the leash in spite of the angry struggles of the animals and his master's anguishing cries for help. There, some fifty yards in front, was a fierce struggle going on, apparently a vain one on the part of my host, who was tightly clasped around the waist by a tremendous great kangaroo, such as we settlers call a man."

"It was a bushy part, and from the branch he held in his hand, it was evident that my friend had been clinging with all his might to some tree or other so as to hinder his enemy, or else I'm afraid we should have come too late."

Dropping the branch, he now began kicking and struggling with the energy of despair, striking fiercely at the beast with his fists, and doing all that he could to get away; but there is no doubt that if we had not come up, the next minute would have been his last; for, in spite of his struggles, the 'old man' kept on slowly - hop - hop - nearer and nearer to the great water hole; and though a strong and hearty man, my friend seemed like a child in his enemy's grasp."

"Loose the dog!" I shouted to the convict servant, but utterly confused he only held on tightly, letting the faithful beast drag him along with them, till, with one cut of his knife that he had held ready to skin the dead kangaroo, the black severed the leather thong that, and coupled as they were, the dogs dashed down upon the 'old man.'"

Then came a fierce hurrying rush and scramble - a frightful howl - and one dog tumbled over on his back, disabled by a kick, and then half strangled by being dragged about by its companion, who had made good his hold upon the kangaroo's throat. The dog shook fiercely till, in its agony, it fell down exhausted just upon the edge of the water hole as the dogs and their enemy rolled from the bank into the deep water, which directly after was lashed into a

muddy foam by the fierce struggle going on.

It would have gone hard with the poor dog if just then the leash had not given way, leaving him free from the weight of his fellow's carcass hung to his neck; and now, in spite of the fierce tearing and kicking of the 'old man,' he held on tightly to the place in his throat where he had first fixed his steel-trap jaws. By degrees they struggled into shallow water, and so exciting was the battle that my friend forgot his late peril, and sat up, panting to see the end.

Suddenly, with one of his tremendous leaps, the kangaroo bounded right out, clearing the bank, and alighting among some low scrub at the lower end. But the dog still held on; and dodging about till he could get a chance, the black brought down his club with tremendous effect upon the 'old man's' head, when the poor brute quivered slightly and rolled over, dead, a huge fellow who had stood up over six feet high."

"That was a narrow escape," I said, as I helped my friend to his legs, while the convict 'drew out of the water the carcass of the other dog."

"Yes," he said; 'let's go back. I've had enough of it for one day. I feel quite sick and ill. If I had had a knife I could have got on; but, unarmed, I was as helpless as a child.'"

"I had heard of such adventures before, but had never seen anything of the kind; so I said, 'What do you think the brute would have done?'"

"Done!" echoed my friend. 'Drowned me as dead as that poor dog there. Poor brute! one of the best kangaroos I ever had. An old beast! he exclaimed, kicking the dead body of the kangaroo viciously, which was, after all, hardly to be wondered at. 'He came upon me all of a sudden - hop - hop - hop - and before I had recovered from my surprise, he had me tightly round the waist, and then began to hop away. I hardly knew how I felt at first; but when the thought struck me that he was making for the water-hole, the feeling was awful, and my struggles did him a bit.'"

"A good thing, too," I replied. "Then we only came up just in time?"

"Only just," said my friend; and he looked whiter than ever."

Now, do you expect us to believe all that broke in the thin man, as he again winked at the gentleman in general. But the settler was busy re-lighting his cigar, which had gone out during the narration, and he made no reply."

"I say, sir," said the thin man again, 'do you expect us to believe that your old kangaroo would have hopped into the water-hole, and drowned the squatter?'"

"The gentlemen present can do as they please," said the settler with dignity; and I have no doubt but that you will do the same. I leave it entirely to my listeners' good sense, for the story is true."

A STARTLING CONVERSATION. A few days past we were startled by hearing a conversation between two rats behind the base board of our office. The conversation began thus:

"Hallo, Shorty!" - this we learned was a nick-name given to a rat that had lost his tail in a steel trap - "I'm glad to see you. I want you to come and help me to-night to gnaw a hole into this printing office, and we'll have lots of fun."

"We can write an editorial for the next paper."

"What would you write about, Tickle-toe?"

"Oh, I'd write an article on cats. I'd say that it had just been ascertained that the bite of a cat was deadly poison, and all persons who valued their lives should kill their cats at once. What a jolly time we'd have then!"

"That's all right, Well, old Tickle-toe, you're a brick, but what is there to eat in a printing office?"

"Oh! sometimes they leave the paste pot in reach. One night I gnawed a roller, but I did not like the taste of the printers' ink, and next night I played a jolly joke on the long-nosed old editor; I drank up all the ink on his table."

"Why didn't you make you sick?"

"Oh, no, I just swallowed some blotting paper, and it contrived the effect, as old Mrs. Partington says."

"Then you have been in there before?"

"Oh, yes, I had a nice hole on the other side, but that lantern-jawed old knight of the quill stopped it up with a whisky bottle."

"Was the bottle full?"

"Why, you astonish me! a whisky bottle full in a newspaper office?"

"Well, I never knew one to stay full long."

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY. - To make home truly happy there should be no concealments, for they are the cankerworms. Let a woman tell her troubles and follies freely to her husband, and he will assist her out of them. He is her brother and not her judge and master. If a man confide in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see things that escape him. We are in the world all day, our minds are occupied by many details, but the wife at home often alone, or with but an infant companion. She thinks over what her husband has told her, sees it in many lights; she has had the time which he wanted. The discovery that there has been a secret, excites jealousy, and loosens the ties of affection on either side.

REMEMBER THE Sabbath day.

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

A volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by mad men - the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks, maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent American army surgeon.

When my regiment was disbanded, I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and commenced business in the flourishing town of L -

As I was starting for the supper table on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the door bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor. The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man - a perfect giant compared to my 'five feet six', and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

If you are at liberty doctor, said he, please come with me. It is but a few steps and you will not need a carriage. I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L - and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode up ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence in one of the principal streets, he applied the latch key, and led me to a pleasant little room on the second floor, (a study I thought it), hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos and lined with books of every description.

Tak a seat, doctor, said the man; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire; it's a bitter cold night.

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, well satisfied to warm myself a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempt to free myself.

Good stout cord, isn't it? he asked. It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet a while and I will tell you what I want.

He went to the cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge and felt the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

I have for years studied the art of guessing, said he. I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I have thought of making you guess that, but I have thought of something better.

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

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